



The FATHER and his CHILDREN.

AS round their dying Father's bed
 His sons attend : the Peasant said,
 ' Children, deep hid from prying eyes,
 ' A treasure in my vineyard lies,
 ' When you have laid me in the grave,
 ' Dig, search,—and your reward you'll have.
 Father, cries one, *but where's the spot?*—
 He sighs ! he sinks ! but answers not.

The

The tedious burial service o'er,
 Home hie his sons, and straight explore
 Each corner of the vineyard round,
 Dig up, beat, break, and sift the ground ;
 Yet though to search so well inclin'd,
 Nor gold, nor treasure could they find,
 But when the autumn next drew near,
 A double vintage crown'd the year.
 ' Now, quoth the Peasant's wisest son,
 ' Our Father's legacy is known,
 ' In yon rich purple Grapes 'tis seen,
 ' Which, but for digging, ne'er had been.
 ' Then let us all reflect with pleasure,
 ' That labour is the source of treasure.'



The